THE SALT LAKE HERALD

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1904

SECTION THREE

By Charles N. Crewdson

MAKING PICTURES OF THE INDIANS

Lee Moorhouse, Photos

GET rid of a few queer notions of your own; else don't blame the other fellow for having his.

Did you ever try to photograph an Indian?

If so, you have either had him fight you, turn away or ask for money. The Indian has a very strong dislike for having his picture made.

Why?

I asked this very question, while on a picture making jaunt with him not long ago, of Major Lee Moorhouse of Pendleton, Ore., who has the largest and best lot of Indian negatives in the world.

"The main reason why the Indian doesn't want you to take him," said the major, "is because he believes that if you make his picture it takes just that much away from the length of his life. He can't see where the picture comes from nor how you can put a small black box on three yellow legs, press a rubber ball and make a thing that looks like him. It is all so strange to him, that he looks upon the camera as a thing uncanny. And the pocket kodak! Whew! That is what he hates most of all. If I were to meet an Indian all by myself out in the woods, even if he were my friend, I'd never turn a kodak on him with one hand unless I drew a gun with the other. The old squaws are the worst of all because many of them believe that if they let a man take their picture, being old, they would drop dead.

It often amuses me to see some tenderfoot down at the railway station jump off of a train and try to snap a young buck, only to have him draw a blanket over his face and stand sullen as a 'possum. I had to laugh the other day when a young lady—she must have been a first-tripper—carefully set up a tripod on the platform and turned her lenses on a group. Every time she was ready to press the button the Indians would move to another place. They devilled the girl until the train started, and she never got a snap. They laughed at her; and as her car passed them she called out: 'Oh! you mean things.'

"But you certainly don't have any trouble with them yourself, major," said I. "You seem to have a picture of every Indian in the country."

"Oh, yes, I do. I strike a hard combination once in a while. There was one old buck around here whose picture I tried to get for several years but couldn't. Finally, one day a young Indian said to me: 'You know why Five Crows no let you take him picture? He believe he go to hell.' Now I knew that an Indian would go to the devil for whisky. I met Five Crows and I asked him again to let me photograph him. This time he said: 'How much you give?'

"Six bits," said I.

"No; nox (one) dollar."

"All right," said I, and I handed him the money. I knew what he would do with the dollar; but since he was a historical figure, having been a leading fighter in the Bannock war, I wanted his picture as badly as he did a quart of firewater.

"I made that picture; but a few weeks after Five Crows fell off of his horse and was killed. Of course he was drunk; but the Indians thought that having his picture made was the cause of his death, and it was a long time after that before I could get any of them to stand for me. Every time any Indian on the reservation dies they start the old story over again that I killed him."

"Well, what is the best way to get them, major?" I asked.

"Oh, just let 'em alone and they'll come around. When you do make the snap, though, they bother you nearly to death until you show them the print."

Such was the way it went with us during the next few days. We had now reached the Indian camp. The major set up his camera.

"Here comes," said he, "an old fellow I want to take a crack at. His name's Lazy Dog."

"Ho, Lazy Dog," said the major, "make him picture today?"

"Umph," was the only reply the Indian made, and on he rode.

"They'll come around after awhile," the major assured me. "Guess we'll take the clouds today; they are hanging about right." And we didn't make the photo of a single redskin that day. On the edge of the camp near a tepee—"the lonely outpost of a dying race"—stood an old squaw with a child. As we focussed on the scene, away she turned, taking the little chap.

"Expect we'd better try 'em tomorrow; they must first get used to seeing the tripods."

I confess that I felt impatient, but I knew that the major was an old-timer at this sort of thing, so I cooled down and came out with him the following day. Not one picture did we make.

That night I stayed in the tepee of the Medicine Man of the tribe. With my host I visited several tepees, smoked cigarettes with the Indians and gave some of them bright silk neckties. At the dance that night many of them were friendly and I hoped for better results on the morrow. Now I just want to show you how slow this Indian picture making sometimes is. In the afternoon the major came out and found me in Tow-a-toi's tepee. The camera at hand, I said to the young Cayuse chief: "Now, Tow-a-toi, I have been here in your village. Your people be good to me. I have been here in your tepee. You and me smoke cigarette. Pretty soon I go away. I want see your face many times. I send you picture. Let Moorehouse make your picture. I take him back my home with me."

Tow-a-toi moved slowly to one side of his tepee and, opening his trunk, got out a small bunch of faded photographs of relatives and friends and took a full half hour to show them to me. I was at least glad that he in one way or another was in the picture humor; but I did not dare to again ask him to let his be taken, nor did I know whether he would do so or not. He had not said yes.

But he finally put the pictures in the trunk and began taking out other things, a beaded star, a white plume, a collar of beads—all of his barbaric finery.

"He's going to let us make it," said the major. "I guess I'll go water the horses."

"Don't you think perhaps you'd better remain here?" said I, with a bit of anxiety.

"Oh, Lord, no. I'll be back and have time enough to take a nap before he gets ready. You don't know Indians like I do." And away went the major.

I was afraid to speak lest I should spoil things, and about the only words I said to Tow-a-toi for a full hour were when he had smoked up a cigarette, "Have another."

With provoking slowness he changed his shirt, his breeches, his moccasins. Then he combed and plaited his long black hair and wrapped the queues with strips of beaver skins. Around his neck he fastened the collar of beads; on his shoulder he pinned the white plume. His breast he adorned with strings of small bones and over these he hung the pictured head of his totem, the buffalo. Shining silver bands he put around his wrists and arms, and, as a last touch to his savage toilet, placed on the side of his head the beaded star.

Himself dressed, Tow-a-toi spread a blanket and placed behind it, leaning against a tepee pole, his chieftain wand of eagle feathers. He hung up and spread out his trappings all over that side of the wigwam, and as the final mark of readiness took his bedecked fox skin and sat down on the blanket.

"You here," said Tow-a-toi to me—pointing to a place beside him on the blanket. I had not intended getting in the picture, but I had to obey. The major meantime had got his camera ready. Click went the shutter.

I got up and said: "Now, Tow-a-toi, Moorhouse will make you by yourself. Won't you, major?"

"That's all," said the Indian, and I could not in any way get him to sit again, nor would he allow that we photograph his pretty young sister who sat watching us. I am therefore compelled in illustrating this story to offer a photograph of my own ugly mug in order that you may see the splendid features of the Cayuse chief. We had taken up an entire afternoon making this one exposure.

"Now you understand," said the major, smiling.

Distrust is one thing that makes the Indian loth to have his picture taken. When he believes in you he is easier to handle. Just before I quit the village, after having been in it several days, I went to bid Chief No-Shirt good-bye, and because I took real interest in seeing that his people should be forced to keep their land, he grew very friendly. I promised him that I would help him. Then I said:

"But, No-Shirt, you know man can lie with his tongue; he can lie when he write; but Moorhouse picture box no lie. Now let me write; let me put him picture by write; white man see I talk straight."

This seemed all right to the chief. He ordered that all the Indians should do what we asked, and he himself begged that we make a picture of him and his squaw, Thunder, dressed in their best clothes and mounted on their ponies.

Many an amusing thing happened to us. Light-on-the-Hill, to whom I had given a necktie, when we went to make her photo, spread it out before her flat on the floor; and Grizzly Bear, who sat beside her, wearing a new pair of beaded moccasins, especially requested that we make a good picture of his feet.

It is the older heads who are hard to photograph. Not so with the little ones. The small boy the world over is the same before he learns the foibles about him. The Indian kid, like the white, will follow a circus band wagon and let you make his picture. Nor do the old ones complain if you do snap the young because after their idea it is not so likely to kill them.

Making groups is about the hardest thing in photographing the Indians. They will not get before the camera unless they are dressed just right; I've told you what a long time this took. By the time the second one gets ready the first has changed his mind; and by the time the third one gets his traps on—the other two have taken theirs off. They are shy and they have their rivalries and jealousies. The major and I managed to get a group nearly ready. There was just one more young buck whom we wanted in it. But he would not come. After a while I met him out alone and he said to me:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I would not be caught dead in a picture with one of those fellows."

The speaker wore the blanket, but he had received a college education, and felt better, perhaps, than the fellow with whom he would "not be caught dead."

In the gallery the Indian is a good subject. He won't come in unless he wants his picture or wants money. But once inside, he is patient. His bold features and his lack of humor make his face always firm and unchangeable. You seldom see an Indian laugh. His garb is always many-colored; this makes a good effect. The trinkets he wears break the monotony of the plate.

"Among the best sitters I have," said the major to me, "are Louise, the daughter of Two-Slaps, the spokesman for the tribes; White Thunder and Show-a-way. They are all educated and I can control them. Here, let me show you their pictures."

With this the major laid before me the photograph of the girl. With her spotted blanket cast about her, beads strunk about her neck, big shell earrings, her dark hair parted straight in the middle and falling in two long plaits, she was really a pretty girl. A look of good humor lit her eyes and cast half a smile over her face.

"Now this White Thunder has got white blood in him. His father was one of the captains on the upper Columbia in the early '70s. He is the best looking fellow I ever saw. Just look at that face and those muscles."

"And the beads," said I.

"Oh, yes; he wears them, and the blanket, too. Lots of the half-breeds live in the tepee. The full-bloods, though, kind o' look down on them."

"Show-a-yay here is a full-blood. He really ought to be the chief of the Cayuses, I think. He wears the clothes of a chief. He's not allowed to use the magic wand of office, so you see he has in his hand a harmless feather duster."

"What phase of Indian photography do you like best, major?" I asked.

"Well, I like all sorts. Making people is very interesting; it is kind o' like anything else. If it's hard to get, you want it. But I reckon I like the landscape side best. This gets you out of doors. Besides, an Indian always picks a pretty spot to pitch his tepee on—among trees and beside a stream."

And here the major showed me prints from his landscape negatives; a few of which in their reproduction I shall leave to speak for themselves

Lonely Outpost of Dying Race.

The Indian Home--Spring.

Paul Show-o-up.

The Indian Home--Winter.

Louise Two-Slaps.

HE DISCUSSES MAXIMS AND PROVERBS.

THE GENIAL IDIOT

By John Kendrick Bangs

"GOOD," cried the Idiot, from behind the voluminous folds of the magazine section of his Sunday newspaper. "Here's a man after my own heart. Professor Duff of Glasgow university has come out with a public statement that the maxims and proverbs of our forefathers are largely hocus pocus and buncombe. I've always maintained that myself from the moment I had my first copy book lesson in which I had to scrawl the line, 'It's a long lane that has no turning,' twenty-four times. And then that other absurd statement, 'A stitch in the side is worth two in the hand'—or something like that—I forget just how it goes. What tommyrot that is."

"Well, I don't know about that, Mr. Idiot," said Mr. Whitechoker, tapping his fingers together reflectively. "Certain great moral principles are instilled into the minds of the young by the old proverbs and maxims that remain with them forever, and become a potent influence in the formation of character."

"I should like to agree with you, but I can't," said the Idiot. "I don't believe anything that is noble in the way of character was ever fostered by such a statement as that it's a long lane that has no turning. In the first place, it isn't necessarily true. I know a lane on my grandfather's farm that led from the hen coop to the barn. There wasn't a turn nor a twist in it, and I know by actual measurement that it wasn't sixty feet long. You've got just as much right to say to a boy that it's a long nose that has no twisting, or a long leg that has no pulling, or a long courtship that has no kissing. There's infinitely more truth in those two last than in the original model. The leg that's never pulled doesn't go short in a stringent financial market, and a courtship without a kiss, even if it lasted only five minutes, would be too long for any self-respecting lover."

"I never thought of it in that way," said Mr. Whitechoker. "Perhaps, after all, the idea is ill-expressed in the original."

"Perfectly correct," said the Idiot. "But even then, what? Suppose they had put the thing right in the beginning and said, 'It's a long lane that has no ending.' What's the use of putting a thing like that in a copybook? A boy who didn't know that without being told ought to be spanked and put to bed. Why not tell him it's a long well that has no bottom, or a long dog that has no wagging, or a long railroad that has no terminal facilities?"

"Oh, well," interposed the Bibliomaniac, "what's the use of being captious? Out of a billion and a half wise saws you pick out one to jump on. Because one is weak, all the rest must come down in a crash."

"There are plenty of others, and the way they refute each other is to me a constant source of delight," said the Idiot. "There's 'Procrastination is the thief of time,' for instance. That's a clear injunction to youth to get up and hustle, and he starts in with all the impulsiveness of youth, and the first thing he knows—bang! he runs slap into 'Look before you leap,' or 'Second thoughts are best.' That last is what Samuel Johnson would have called a Beaut. What superior claims the second thought has over the first or the seventy-seventh thought that it should become axiomatic I vow I can't see. If it's morality you're after I am dead against the teachings of that proverb. The second thought is the open door to duplicity when it comes to a question of morals. You ask a small boy who has been in swimming when he ought to have been at Sunday school why his shirt is wet. His first thought is naturally to reply along the line of fact and say 'why, because it fell into the pond.' But second thought comes along with visions of hard spanking and a supperless bed in store for him, and suggests the idea that 'there was a leak in the Sunday school roof right over the place where I was sitting,' or 'I sat down on the teacher's glass of water.' That's the sort of thing second thought does in the matter of morals."

"How about business?" demanded the Bibliomaniac.

"Well, I know from experience that it was second thought that lead me to buy Hot Air Preferred at 47, when first thought said 'Flee or you're a busted community.' said the Idiot. "I took second thought's advice, relying on that dear old proverb backed up by John W. Midas's opinion that Hot Air Preferred would go to par in six months. It's worth one-eighth of 1 per cent now, and my broker told me the other day he thought he knew a man who'd take it off my hands if I'd pay him $60 and guarantee him against an assessment for a year. I admit, of course, that there are times when second thoughts are better than first ones—for instance if your first thought is to name the baby Jimmie and Jimmie turns out to be a girl, it is better to obey your second thought and call her Gladys or Samantha—but it is not always so, and I object to the nerve of the broad, general statement that it is so. Sometimes fifth thoughts are best. In science I guess you'll find that the man who thinks the seven hundred and ninety-seventh thought along certain lines has got the last and best end of it. And so it goes—out of the infinitesimal number of numbers, every mother's son of 'em may at the psychological moment have a claim to the supremacy, but your self-sufficient old proverb maker falls back behind the impenetrable wall of his own conceit and announces that because he has nothing but second hand thoughts, therefore the second thought it best, and we, like a flock of sheep, follow this leader and go blatting that sentiment down through the ages as if it proved beyond peradventure by the sum total of human experience."

"Well, you needn't get mad about it," said the Lawyer. "I never said it—so you can't blame me."

"Still, there are some proverbs," said Mr. Whitechoker blandly, "that we may not so summarily dismiss. Take, for instance, 'You never miss the water till the well runs dry.'"

"One of the worst of the lot, Mr. Whitechoker," said the Idiot. "I've missed the water lots of times when the well was full as ever. You miss the water when the pipes freeze up, don't you? You—or, rather, I—I sometimes miss the water like time at 5 o'clock in the morning after a pleasant evening with some jovial friends, when there's no end of it in the well, but not a drop within reach of my fevered hand, and I haven't the energy to grope my way downstairs to the ice pitcher. There's more water in that proverb than tangible assets. From the standpoint of veracity that's one of the most immoral proverbs of the lot—and if you came to apply it to the business world—Oh, Lud. As a rule these days you never find the water till the well has been pumped dry and put in the hands of a receiver for the benefit of the bondholders. Fact is all these water proverbs are to be regarded with suspicion."

"I don't recall any other," said Mr. Whitechoker.

"Well," said the Idiot, "there's one, and it's the nerviest of 'em all. 'Water never runs up hill.' Ask any man in Wall street how high the water has run up in the last five years and see what he tells you. And then, 'You may drive a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink,' is another choice specimen of the Waterbury School of Philosophy. I know a lot of human horses who have been driven to water lately, and such drinkers they have become! It's really awful. If I knew the name of that particular Maximilian who invented those water proverbs I'd do my best to have him indicted for doing business without a license."

"It's very unfortunate," said Mr. Whitechoker, "that modern conditions should so have upset the wisdom of the ancients."

"It is too bad," said the Idiot. "And I am just as sorry about it as you are; but, after all, the wisdom of the ancients, wise and wisdomatic as it was, should not be permitted to put at naught all modern thought. Why not adopt the wisdom of the ancients to modern conditions? ou can't begin too soon, for new generations are constantly springing up, and I know of no better outlet for reform than in these selfsame Spencerian proverbs, which the poor kids have to copy, copy, copy, until they are sick and tired of them. Now, in writing lessons why not adopt your means to your ends? Why make a beginner in penmanship write over and over again, 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush'?—which it isn't, by the way, to a man who is a good shot—when you can bear in on his mind that 'A dot on the I is worth two on the T'; or, for the instruction of your school teachers, why don't you get up a proverb like, 'It's a long lesson that has no learning'; or, if you are interested in having your boy brought up to the strenuous life, why don't you have him make sixty copies of the aphorism, 'A punch in the Solar is worth six on the Nose.' You tell your children never to whistle until they are out of the woods. Now, where in the name of all that's lovely should a boy whistle if not in the woods? That's where birds whistle. That's where the winds whistle. If nature whistles anywhere it is in the woods. Woods were made for whistling, and any man who ever sat over a big log fire in camp or in library who has not noticed that the logs themselves whistle constantly—well, he is a pachyderm."

"Well, as far as I can reach a conclusion from all that you have said," put in Mr. Whitechoker, "the point seems to be that the proverb of the ancients is not suited to modern conditions, and that you think they should be revised."

"Exactly," said the Idiot.

"It's a splendid idea," said Mr. Brief. "But, after all, you've got to have something to begin on. Possibly," he added with a wink at the Bibliomaniac, "you have a few concrete examples to show us what can be done."

"Certainly," said the Idiot. "Here is a list of them."

And as he rose up to depart he handed Mr. Brief a paper on which he had written as follows:

"You never find the water till the stock falls off twenty points."

"A stitch in time saves nothing at all at present tailors' rates."

"You look after the pennies. Somebody else will deposit the pounds."

"It's a long heiress that knows no yearning."

"It is the weakest chain on the links that is elected president of a trust company."

"Put not your trust in companies."

"Never halloo till you've sold your stock."

"Second thoughts are always second."

"Procrastination is the theme of gossips."

"Never put off today what you can put on day after tomorrow."

"Sufficient unto the day are the obligations of last month."

"All is not Gould's that's Morgan's."

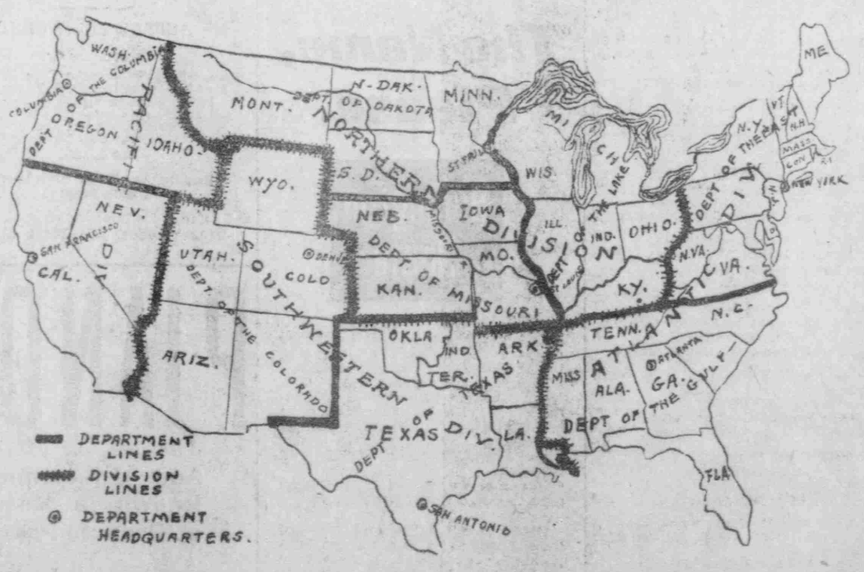
"One man's stock is another man's margins."

"One good swat deserves another."

"By Jove," said Mr. Brief, as he read them off, "you can't go back on any of 'em, can you?"

"No," said the Bibliomaniac, "that's the great trouble with the Idiot. Even with all his idiocy he is not always a perfect idiot."

TERRITORIAL DIVISIONS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.



The four grand divisions are indicated by the heavy crossed lines. The departmental divisions are indicated by the solid heavy black lines, and the crossed black lines. The headquarters of the divisions are as follows: Atlantic division, New York; northern division, St. Louis; southwestern division, Oklahoma City; Pacific division, San Francisco. The headquarters of the departments are as follows: Of the east, New York; of the gulf, Atlanta; of the lakes, Chicago; of the Missouri, Omaha; of Texas, San Antonio; of the Colorado, Denver; of California, San Francisco; of the Columbia, Columbia.

The Meanest Man.

(Council Bluffs Nonpareil.)

"I suppose," said Representative Hughes of New Jersey, "that they pointed out to me the meanest man in the United States last time I was over in Wilkesbarre.

"He is a merchant there, and his reputation for stinginess is so universal that when it was announced that he intended to do something handsome on the boy's twelfth birthday a delegation of men who knew him called around to see what had happened, and if he had really loosened up.

"'I hear you did something fine for your son,' said one of the visitors.

"'Yes,' said the stingy man, 'I treated him pretty well.'

"'What did you do?' asked another.

"'Well,' he said, 'I was going to let him have his hair cut as a birthday treat, but as it turned so cold, I took a pail of water and made a slide for him in the back yard.'"